WOMAN'S WORLD.

PLEASANT LITERATURE FOR FEMININE READERS.

The Girls That Are Wanted.

The girls that are wanted are good girls—
Good girls from the heart to the lips;
Pure as the lily is white and pure,
From its heart to its sweet leaf tips.

The girls that are wanted are home girls—
Girls that are mother's right hand,
That fathers and brothers can trust too,
And the little ones understand.

The girls that are wanted are wise girls
That know what to do and to say;
That drive with a smile or a soft word
The wrath of the household away.

The girls that are wanted are girls of sense,
Whom fashion can never deceive;
Who can follow whatever is pretty,
And dare what is silly to leave.

The girls that are wanted are careful girls,
Who count what a thing will cost;
Who use with a prudent, generous hand,
But see that nothing is lost.

The clever, the witty, the brilliant girl,
They are very few, understand;
But oh! for the wise, loving home girls
There's a constant and steady demand.
—*New York Ledger.*

A Buttonhole Maker.

This sign is suspended from a window of a Randolph street tenement house:

BUTTONHOLES
MADE HERE.

The little, old, grayhaired woman who lives in the house said that she made a very good living by working buttonholes. It was a disagreeable task, she said, but that was her gain. Women who spend weeks making dresses did not have the patience to work the buttonholes, and were only too glad to let the job out to an expert at the business. A dozen buttonholes were worth twenty-five cents, and, as the old woman was able to work six dozen in a day, the income was always sufficient to keep the wolf from the door. There are seven recognized buttonhole makers in the city, nearly all of whom are kept busy the year round.—*Chicago Herald.*

Significance of Precious Stones.

August, sardonyx; insures conjugal felicity.

June, agate; insures long life, health and prosperity.

December, turquoise; gives success, especially in love.

April, diamond; denotes faith, innocence and virginity.

May, emerald; discovers false friends and insures true love.

February, amethyst; a preventive against violent passions.

January, garnet; constancy and fidelity in every engagement.

March, bloodstone; courage, wisdom and firmness in affliction.

November, topaz; fidelity and friendship, and prevents bad dreams.

September, sapphire; frees from enchantments and denotes repentance.

October, opal; denotes hope and sharpens the sight and faith of the possessor.

July, ruby; discovers poisons and corrects evils resulting from mistaken friendship.

But She Thrashed the Boys.

News has reached St. Joseph of a shooting affair which occurred at Flag Springs, Mo. The parties to the affair were Miss Alice Woodcock, teacher of the district school, and three of her pupils, three boys—the oldest ten and the youngest eight—named Elrod and Mullenix, two of the last named being brothers. The teacher, as punishment, was attempting to compel the younger Mullenix to kiss another boy. He refused, and she attempted to whip him, when his brother told her he would shoot her if she didn't quit. The teacher then turned her attention to the elder brother, when young Elrod handed him a pistol. This Mullenix pointed at the teachers' breast and pulled the trigger. The pistol was not discharged, and the teacher closed with the young man, who tried it again, putting a bullet through Miss Woodcock's hand. Despite the wound, the teacher succeeded in soundly thrashing all three of the young ruffians. As soon as school was out they ran away, and got as far as Barnard, where they were arrested and returned to the Springs. The wound in Miss Woodcock's hand is a serious one.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Women of Corfu.

Imagine, for example, this lady clad in a voluminous gown of blue satin worked with flowers, with a white lace covering over her shoulders; an enormous head-dress of white muslin girt by a vast wreath of natural pink roses and orange blossoms, with ponderous gold earrings reaching to her shoulders; necklace and bracelets of gold, and a thorough breastplate of antique goldsmith's work. She is a marvelous spectacle, and sits still with her brown eyes in a fixed stare, moving only when absolutely necessary, and then with the utmost care for her decorations. Other ladies have towering coiffures of white and crimson; dresses of blue, scarlet or green, and silver buckles in their shoes; and they are all dotted with bits of gold. Another picturesque detail is the old Greek feminine head-dress of a crimson skull-cap with a gold coronal, from which a thick gold tassel hangs at one side. Civilization has ousted this pretty and becoming head-dress from Athens and the Greek cities. Corfu merits the more praise, therefore, for preserving it. Nothing could better harmonize with the regular features which are still a characteristic of the native Greeks. The Corfiote women, however, seem to have more in common with the Southern Italians than with the Hellenes.—*All the Year Round.*

Women's Worries.

If you are of a nervous, excitable temperament ponder upon these lines, fresh from the ready pen of Lady John Manners: "Certain worries are supposed to belong specially to women. The management of servants is sometimes considered very difficult. It used to be said, 'A good mistress makes a good servant,' and undoubtedly kindness and consideration always draw people together, even when in different positions. Though we should save ourselves much worry by once for all recognizing that no one is perfect, yet I think, by studying our servants' little peculiarities, we may hope to avoid the frequent changes which are so trying. For instance if we have any reason to think a servant's memory is defective, it is a very good rule to give every order in writing. Indeed, many people make a point of writing orders for their carriages and horses; and I remember a gentleman who thoroughly understood the art of dining, who always had a slate beside him at dinner on which he wrote any remarks he wished to make for the chief. I knew a cook-housekeeper in a family which was unavoidably rather harum-scarum, sudden orders being sometimes given for many additional places at table. The orders were given by word of mouth, but that remarkable woman never made a mistake during the many years I knew her. When complimented one day on her good memory she pointed to a slate on which she always wrote every detail at once. Perhaps some of us women have too great a tendency to adore our friends and worry them, as well as ourselves, by being too demonstrative, and expecting too much in return for our attachment. Always let your presence be desired, was the advice given by a man of the world to a lady anxious to keep her friends. Always treat your friend as if he might become your enemy, and your enemy as if he might some day be your friend, is a maxim that would save much heartburning. Among minor worries dress certainly is one to some women. But if we remembered that every period of life has its own charm I think this anxiety would be lessened. To delicate persons the little precautions essential to preserve health are often very worrying; but if they recollected how precious their health is to loving friends they would probably recognize that in taking care of themselves they are sparing much anxiety to others. The warm wrap may be taken by the delicate person in order to spare friends anxiety; while perhaps the busy man of letters will take more exercise for health's sake if he knows that those who love him will be grateful to him for so doing."

Fashion Notes.

Polonaises trimmed with fur are coming in vogue.

Evening mantles are appropriately trimmed with feather bands.

Children's coats and frocks are as often made with full gathered as plaited skirts.

Some of the new dress materials for evening wear show stripes of white and yellow.

Hoods are seen upon Parisian street garments of every description, even those composed of sealskin.

The newest fur collars are in the square sailor shape, with strings to tie or clasps to fasten them in front.

Feather-stitch and outline embroidery in floral designs are used as decoration upon many wool costumes.

Velvet folds appear as a finish upon many of the newest jackets used to complete tailor-made costumes.

Open embroidery is used by some dressmakers on wool frocks that are trimmed with bands of fur.

The Gainsborough hat is once more popular. It is altogether too artistic in effect to remain long in obscurity.

The demi-train, set on to the skirt, is once more worn, though its use is confined to evening and dressy toilets.

Silver-threaded crape worn over satin and combined with plush for the bodice, is the favorite ball gown of the season.

There are as many different ways of using fur as a dress accessory for warmth or ornament as there are different kinds of furs.

The wearing of wool materials on all occasions by children has greatly diminished the use of silken stuffs for their best frocks.

Glossy beaver hats are worn by young ladies with dressy afternoon toilets as well as with tailor-made suits in the morning.

The circular cloak is once more favored by English ladies. Neutral tinted cloths are used for these garments, with bright-colored linings.

Gray plush pelisses, lined with pink, are popular for wee babies. A tiny hoop matches the pelisse, and is tied with soft pink satin strings.

Large plaids in vanishing effects of blue and brown are combined with golden-brown plush for young girls' and little children's frocks.

Little boys of three and four wear their hair in long loose curls, and love locks hanging over the ears and a straight bang across the forehead.

Some of the newest silk gowns have the basque of plain surah satin, the skirt and draperies showing inch-wide stripes of satin and repped silk.

Some of the newest velvet bodices have the sides extended to form panels. These are very stylish when worn with skirt and draperies of striped wool.

Plush, both for dresses and wraps, should be made up the reverse way. Its power of attracting the light seems in this way to be materially increased.

Bold color combinations, such as sky blue and mauve, scarlet and pale blue, heliotrope and orange, are made to fraternize in late French evening toilets.

The Russian bang, nearly straight, and only slightly curled under at the ends, is the accepted arrangement of the front hair of little people and young girls.

All kinds of birds and feathers are still used upon hats and bonnets, yet the most elegant ladies show a decided preference for long ostrich feathers. These are arranged with a bow or aigrette, and fall gracefully over the brim.

The Normandy bonnet is once more worn by small children. They are sensible and comfortable, as well as picturesque. Golden-brown plush is a favorite material for these bonnets, with a face trimming of white lace and pink or blue ribbons.

A new English street garment is known as the covert coat. It is made of biscuit-colored cloth, close-fitting at the back and semi-loose in front, and is lined with cardinal silk. It is strapped-seamed, and a velvet-faced collar finishes the garment tastefully.

Novel Preparations For War.

Battalions of schoolboys are forming in France. A number of mayors of arrondissements are enlisting youths of from sixteen to twenty years of age, forming companies equivalent to the regular militia. They are armed with chassepots. One corps already has 500 members. They take their rifles home with them, instead of depositing them in the arsenal after drilling.

The Watch-dog Battalion of the Prussian Army is being very carefully trained for service. The dogs are intended primarily to convey intelligence from the advance posts to the main body of the regiment, and are taught to trot to and fro, carrying a tiny portfolio of dispatches round their necks. They are also to warn the outposts of an advance of an enemy during the night, and are trained to hunt up the wounded, or those who have lost their way. Two dogs are attached to each company of Chasseurs.—*Frank Leslie's.*

Better Than Nothing at All.

In society:

Daughter—"Mamma, Mr. Blank proposed to me last night."

Mother—"Did you accept him, daughter?"

Daughter—"Yes, mamma."

Mother—"Has he any money, daughter?"

Daughter—"Only $1,800 a year, mamma."

Mother—Well, daughter, handle him carefully till spring. Possibly you can pick up something better during the winter.—*Washington Critic.*

A ROLLING MILL.

PICTURESQUE NIGHT SCENES IN AN IRON FOUNDRY.

Nature's Awful Element a Familiar and Submissive Force—Puddlers at Work—Piles of Iron Turned Into Rails.

Never in a rolling mill, eh?

Never saw hissing hot iron drawn through and through the nicely adjusted rolls trailing along the heated plates with uplifted head for all the world like a great white-heated serpent? To a stranger the sight is at once grand and terrible, and once seen is never forgotten. He can with difficulty control his fear, and would escape, yet is fascinated by the horrid familiarity displayed all around him. It is like a glimpse of the hereafter to his perturbed mind, this dalliance with nature's most dreadful element. He is bewildered by the rush of swart-bodied, iron muscled workmen all about him. He is deafened by the roar of the flying rolls, all hungry for their molten meal. The relentless heat pursues his uncovered face with wicked intent. The soles of his feet burn from contact with the iron flooring. Great, deep-throated furnaces are opened, and belch devouring flame and stifling smoke into his oppressed countenance. Sulphurous odors, rising from the cinder-beds, invade his nostrils. And, worse than all, just as he thinks himself safest from harm there is a roar from the rolls, rivaling the boom of a hundred-pounder. A great sheet of sparks seeks the horizon of the smoke-begrimed roof and descends in a graceful curve. One of the many falls gently and trustingly behind the observer's shirt collar—only one of the million—gently it inserts itself, but so convincingly does it make its presence known that a council of physicians will not at first convince him he is not a smoldering volcano. He writhes beath the infliction and fain would flee, but sharp eyes are upon him, and the mill men dearly love to laugh at a tenderfoot.

If the visit be made at night the scene takes on a brilliancy that cannot be surpassed. Without all is dense darkness, only relieved by the red flames pouring from some of the lofty stacks or white points of light peeping through the closed dampers of others, ample indication that a "heat" is in waiting below, or else that a change of turn is on. All is quiet within. Contagious laughter from some point hints of a group of story-telling youngsters ensconced in a warm nook between chimneys. Brawny heaters stand about in knots discussing some topic of common import, and puffing industriously the while at their short black pipes. Occasionally a furnace door is thrown upward for an instant, shedding a bold light on massive timbers, and filling with a ruddy glow the face of the heater, who, with eyes half closed, peers into its depths. Away off to one side, in the darkness, the puddlers stir and stir away as persistently as a good wife at her mush kettle. They are the men who work over the pig iron which is so constantly starred in the market reports. Their furnaces are arranged with bottom depressed. The metal is thrown in and soon melts to the consistency of water. From this state by stirring and a judicious application of scales and scraps from the rolled iron it thickens until it has sufficient adhesive force to be formed into balls. As he works his bar through the little arched aperture in the door, the puddler chaffs with his comrades sitting about him on the water "bosh," in which the working-irons are cooled, or on piles of rusty metal. Once solidly formed, the heat is ready. The signal is given. Away go the rolls with ever-increasing roar. Men issue from the darkness. Madcap boys run in breathless and laughing at some prank played upon a work-fellow. All, to the visitor, is confusion worse confounded, yet he should know that order was never so framed in apparent disorder as in the iron-works. But yonder comes the puddler, dragging his heated burden behind him on a "buggy." The vehicle is made with a bowl-shaped top, in which the ball reposes. Arrived at the rolls, he backs the buggy to the required point and deftly dumps its contents into the "squeezers," or "coffee-mills," as the machine has been dubbed by the younger element. In these it is compressed and elongated into cylindrical shape, and is fed to the rolls, through which it passes again and again, and finally stretches out on the plates a perfect bar of iron, ready to be sheared into lengths. The "dragger out" takes hold with his tongs and pulls it to the cooling-bed. There it lies with others of its kind, and when cold is taken to the shears, which are exceedingly heavy-jawed, and sever it into lengths as easily as a tailor clips his cloth.

The process is simple and the procedure sleepy to an active spirit. It is in the rail-mill that one has his blood stirred and his interest thoroughly aroused. It is lightning work. A tremendous amount of labor is compressed into seconds of time. Think of a pile of iron not more than five feet in length by seven inches high and six inches wide being drawn out to the full length and proportion of a rail, and this in less than two minutes' time from the moment the heated mass shot through the first opening in the rolls. The occasion for such labor has passed away. The steel rail has superseded its more perishable counterpart, but the retrospect is interesting to him who has once come into contact with its bewildering intricacies.

But the heat has been run off, the wild rush is over. The rolls cease their thunderous play. The furnaces are recharged. The boys return to their story-telling, and the observer goes away, rich in experience and broiling hot.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Photographing Flying Gulls.

An example of the speed with which pictures can now be produced is afforded by a photograph of a number of flying gulls taken at Southport by a local photographer, Mr. Mallin. Of course animals in far more rapid movement have been photographed by Mr. Muybridge in America and M. Marcey in France, but these are produced by special aparatus, and rarely give much more than a silhouette of the object photographed.

The picture of the gulls was taken under ordinary conditions, and with ordinary apparatus; but the lens must have been a good one, and a very rapid shutter must have been employed. The plate also (one of those named the Derby plates, from a formula invented by Captain Abney) must have been of specially high sensitiveness.

The various attitudes of the birds are curious. Most of them have the wings spread in the orthodox manner, but some of them are caught in that curious position with the wings hanging down which, from the shortness of the time during which it is maintained, they eye does not appear to catch. About sixty birds are shown quite sharply and distinctly.

The Story of a Greek Statue.

Visitors to the Paris Louvre of late may have noticed a remarkable little statue labeled "A Young Athenian Girl." The story of its discovery and acquisition, just disclosed by the Paris *Temps*, forms a curious page in the history of antiquities. A peasant of Patissia, while digging in the fields, suddenly came across an old statue. Knowing that the Greek law forbids the exportation of ancient objects of art found in the country and that foreign amateurs are always ready to pay a high price for them, he at once took it home and hid it under a heap of fagots. He then went to the French ambassador, who was well known for his love of such relics, and offered it to him for 12,000f. The ambassador repaired secretly to the peasant's dwelling to examine it, and found it was a bona fide gem of the fourth century. He telegraphed the discovery to the French Minister of Fine Arts, who authorized him to conclude the bargain. But there was a serious difficulty to overcome, and that was to get out of the country without being detected by the customs authorities. After some reflection, the ambassador instructed the peasant how to set to work. He was to hide the statue in a cartload of vegetables, drive down to a creek on the seashore, where he would find a boat from a French sloop stationed at the Piræus waiting to receive him. The job was performed successfully. The statue, in the midst of the vegetables, was shipped on the boat, and the 12,000f was handed to the peasant by the captain as he left the shore. On the arrival of the statue in Paris, it was placed in the Louvre, not far from the famous Venus of Milo, while its discoverer, the poor Greek peasant, is now leading the life of a small gentleman farmer on the proceeds.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Influence of Food Supply.

A veritable plague of Brazil, according to Von Ihering, results from the singular increase of burrowing mice of the genus Hesperomys which, ordinarily very rare, become alarmingly abundant at irregular periods coinciding with flowering seasons of the herbaceous plant which furnishes their chief food. This plant, a Cresciuma, reaches maturity and flowers only at regular intervals varying from six to thirty years. In May and June, 1876, the mice appeared in prodigious numbers at Lourenco, where in a few days they totally demolished the fields of corn, potatoes, rye and barley, invaded houses and destroyed everything not too hard for their teeth, and even ate fat swine, and removed the wooden shoes from the cows. At the natural rate of increase the progeny of a pair of the mice would reach 23,000 individuals in a season, and if their multiplication was favored by an abundant seeding of their favorite plant every year they would soon drive all other living creatures from the country.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Two Miles a Minute.

A thrilling account of a trip on a wild-cat train down the Rocky Mountains is told by William Tillia, a traveler who recently arrived in Toronto by the Canadian Pacific Railway from British Columbia. Two cars of a passenger train, while being hauled up the steepest grade in Kicking-horse Pass, which is one inch to the foot for nearly two miles, broke loose from the locomotive and commenced a mad career down the mountain side. The brakes were frozen and could not be applied with effect.

Some of the twenty occupants in the cars tried to rise, but the speed was so great that they could not stir from their seats. The cars reached a safety switch, a distance of two miles from the place they broke loose from the locomotive, in one minute. The passenger car caught the safety switch and was piled on the opposite incline a complete wreck. The baggage car, which did not contain any passengers, went on down the main line and did not leave the track. A number of passengers were killed, and others received probably fatal injuries. Some miraculously escaped almost uninjured.

Self-Possession of Thieves.

Cheek, says a detective in the *Globe-Democrat*, is an indispensible quality for a crook, for often when caught, as we say, "dead to rights," they can face it out. Some time ago a fellow named Theophilus George was working the hotels, and he got into a room where a man was lying fully dressed, though asleep, in the bed. George proceeded to go through his pockets, and as he was doing so the man woke up. "What are you doing there?" he asked. George looked at him hastily, and then looked again, and rubbing his hands, half smiled and excused himself, repeating the words "excuse me" until he got to the door and out and away. If he'd lost his head he might have been shot or captured, but his effrontery paralyzed the man. A cool piece of thieving during the festivities was that of the fellow who took a sachel from a lady's hand and put a stick in place of the handle. She had the stick in her hand when she went to open the sachel for car fare, but could not tell at what time the sachel disappeared.

On the Wing.

Supposing the rate of a bird's flight to be taken at forty, fifty or sixty miles an hour, the sportsman has only to remember that a mile an hour is almost exactly equivalent to one and a half feet per second, and he thus has a ready means of comparison with the tables of velocity. These show, for example, that with an ordinary sporting charge (thirds and one and one-eighth ounces) the mean velocity of No. 5 or No. 6 shot, in a range of thirty-five yards, about 900 feet a second, or at the rate of 600 miles an hour; and so, on comparing this 600 miles with the speed of the bird's flight, it will be found that the shot moves ten times as fast as a bird going sixty miles an hour; twelve times as fast as one that flies fifty miles an hour, and fifteen times as fast as one which goes forty miles an hour. Consequently they would fly about two and a quarter yards, three yards and three and a half yards respectively, while the shot is traveling thirty-five yards at the rate given above.—*New York Herald.*

The Tree of Death.

On the New Hope battlefied was a tree upon which the soldiers nailed the inscription, "Tree of Death." Seven Federals were killed behind the tree by Confederate sharpshooters. The tree was in advance of the Federal line and was about three hundred yards from the Confederate works. It was used by Federal skirmishers, who would stand behind it and load and then step out and fire. Confederate sharpshooters went along the Confederate line for nearly a mile in each direction, and then, being so far from the side of the tree that they could see behind it, by a cross firing made it as dangerous to stand behind the tree as to stand in front of it. Seven Federals were killed behind the tree, and it came to be known as the "Tree of Death."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

J. R. Smith, of Fairbury, Ill., owns a hen which, in place of a bill, has a mouth and nose resembling those of a dog.

BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SKETCHES FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

Successful Bribing — Pa Wanted Peace—The Dude's Hands—His Narrowest Escape—An Experiment in Human Nature.

Little Nell—"I caught sister Maud engaging herself to another young man last night an' she hasn't sent off the first one yet."

Little Kitty—"Ain't that nice! Did you tell on her?"

Little Nell—"No, she buy'd me off."

Little Kitty—"What did she do?"

Little Nell—She said if I'd keep quiet she'd give me one of 'em when I grow up.—*Tid-Bits.*

Pa Wanted Peace.

Mr. Bliffers (to his daughter)—"Eliza, did you read this article about Liszt?"

Eliza (at the piano)—"Yes, pa."

"Did you notice that he said people must play the piano with their soul?"

"Yes, pa."

"Well, Eliza, just put your hands in your pocket and play with your soul till I'm through reading."—*Omaha World.*

The Dude's Hands.

"Yes, my hands are soft," said a dudish and conceited young fellow the other night in a small company, as he admiringly looked at those useless appendages that had never done a day's work. "Do you know how I do it?" he exclaimed proudly. "I wear gloves on my hands every night to sleep in."

"Do you sleep with you hat on also?" asked a pert young woman.

And the young fellow replied in the negative, and looked wonderingly because the company smiled.

His Narrowest Escape.

"I presume, General, you have had some very narrow escapes," said a pretty Dupont Circle girl to an old war-horse of celibate proclivities.

"Oh, yes; that is part of our business," he replied nonchalantly.

"Tell me about some of them. I do so love stories of adventure when the story-teller is the adventurer. Tell me the very worst of them all," she cried, with a pretty flush of excited interest.

"Um—um," he muttered, scratching his head, so as to sort them over for the choicest: "um—let me see—well, I was engaged to be married once."

One was all she wanted.—*Washington Critic.*

An Experiment in Human Nature.

"Human nature is a queer thing," said one commercial traveler to another while loitering in a railway station. "Now, s'pose you and I try a little experiment. We will not let on that we are acquainted at all, and will happen to meet at the cigar stand. You buy a 5-cent cigar and I'll buy two for a quarter. Then we'll both sort of linger as if we wanted to talk with the cigar man. Which one of us do you suppose he'll talk with? Why, mith me, of course, because I buy the high-priced cigar. And the chances are, too, that, though he'll be polite enough to you to your face, your back will no sooner be turned than he will say something mean about you. Let's try it."

The other commercial traveler agreed, and, approaching the cigar stand, they proceeded to carry out the programme. But instead of snubbing the 5-center the cigar-stand man turned his back on the two-for-a-quarter customer and began talking with the other. Whereupon the proposer of the scheme quit in disgust and walked away. He was presently rejoined by the other.

"Your ideas of human nature did not appear to pan out in this case," he remarked.

"No. What did the fellow have to say after I left you?"

"Oh, nothin' much. He said he s'posed you thought you was better than common folks because you were putting on style with two-for-a-quarter cigars, and added that he'd bet five dollars you didn't have a holeless pair of socks to your name."—*Chicago Herald.*

A Wife's Ruse.

Here is a little story I heard 'tother night at dinner: A gentleman who was going off to Russia on business desired his wife to place her picture in his trunk. "You know, dear," said he, "I never travel without your photo, and Marc Gambier has rendered you to the very life."

"You old humbug. I don't believe you ever look at it. You only say this to please me for the moment," replied the better half, who had her suspicions.

"That's unkind, dearest. Before I go to sleep I always take a long, lingering look at you, kiss you, and then go off into the land of dreams with you in my eye, as one may say."

The little morocco case was placed in the trunk as usual. When the "hubby" returned and she unpacked his things she asked:

"Did you look at my picture while you were away?"

"Every night. It was my supremest comfort."

"I don't believe you."

"Ah"—with a well simulated sigh—"that is unkind."

Whereupon the wife opened the case and showed him that she had taken the picture out before she had placed the case in the trunk—just to "bowl him out." But he was in a degree equal to the occasion. He remarked: "I saw the picture had been tampered with, my own love, but I used to kiss the case because you had been there."—*American Register.*

Cheirosophy.

It was cold and bleak without, but warm and bright within. They sat side by side near the glowing grate, and watched the flickering firelight as it danced among the bric-a-brac on the tables. They were both in deep thought, and no sound was heard save the sighing of the wind among the trees in the orchard and the measured tick of the ormolu clock which rested on a bracket against the opposite wall, and over which was suspended a snow shovel covered with violet velvet and trimmed with pink satin ribbons.

"It was not an hour, nor a scene for ought
But love and calm delight."

The youth was manly in appearance, and the maiden a vision of beauty, and judging from their attitude and adjacency they were lovers. Suddenly the maiden broke the silence, the poetic silence:

"Have you heard of this new science called cheirosophy?" she asked, in tones sweeter than the musical tinkling of a silver bell.

"I have, darling," he answered in accents of ineffable tenderness; "not only heard of it, but have given it considerable study."

"Dear me!" exclaimed the maiden. "I am surprised. You have studied cheirosophy? Then perhaps you will give me some instruction in the science."

"Certainly, my own. Please let me have your hand."

"Oh, George!" murmured the maiden, overwhelmed with confusion, and crimson with blushes, "this is so sudden."

"What is so sudden?' the youth asked, in surprise.

"Your asking for my hand," tremblingly responded the maiden, "but—there—what can I do but refer you to pa, and believe me, dearest, you need have no fear of the result. He will certainly consent to my becoming your wife."

Then throwing herself on the neck of her lover, the maiden gave vent to her emotions in a flood of happy tears.

Let us draw the curtain over this affecting scene.—*Boston Courier.*

How to Live a Century.

Professor Humphry, of Cambridge, has prepared a series of tables which contain some interesting information about centenarians. Of 52 persons whom he mentions, at least 11—2 males and 9 females—actually attained the age of 100. Others attained very nearly to the hundred years. Only one of the persons reached 108 years, while one died at the alleged age of 105. Of the 52 persons, 36 were women and 16 men. Prof. Humphry tells us that the comparative immunity of women from the exposures and risks to which men are subjected, and the greater temperance in eating and drinking exhibited by women are the chief points in determining their higher chances of longevity. Out of the 36 women 26 had been married, and 11 had borne large families. Of the 26 women who had been wives 8 had married before they were 20, 1 at 16, and 2 at 17. Twelve of the 52 centenarians were discovered to have been the eldest children of their parents. This fact, adds Mr. Humphry, does not agree with popular notions that the first children inherit a feebleness of constitution, nor with the opinion of racing stables, which is decidedly against the idea that "firstlings" are to be depended on for good performance on the course. The centenarians generally regarded were of spare build. Gout and rheumatism were, as a rule, absent. "It seems," says Prof. Humphry, "that the frame which is destined to great age needs no such prophylactics, and engenders none of the peccant humors for which the finger-joints (as in gout) may find a vent."

Of the 52 aged people, 24 only had no teeth, the average number of teeth remaining being 4 or 5. Long hours of sleep were notable among these old people, the period of repose averaging nine hours; while out-of-door exercise in plenty and early rising are to be noted among the factors of a prolonged life. One of the centenarians "drank to excess on festive occasions;" another was a "free beer drinker," and "drank like a fish during his whole life." Twelve had been total abstainers for life or nearly so, and mostly all were "small meat eaters."—*St. James's Gazette.*

Taken In.

"Where did you get that watch?" said her husband, as she very ostentatiously pulled out a watch and looked at it.

"I bought it."

"A present?"

"No; I bought it for myself. I couldn't help it. I couldn't see a poor family starve, and I bought the woman's watch."

"Just like you," he said. "You're always doing something kind—with my money."

"You're not mad, John, are you?"

"No; let me look at it. What did you give for it?"

"Forty dollars."

"Forty dollars!" and the husband began examining it.

"I'll tell you how it happened. I was passing along the street and there was an auction going on in a store."

"An auction! Oh!"

"Yes, I was listening and looking, and as I stood there a poor, distressed man came up. He pulled out this watch, and he asked the auctioneer if he'd auction it for him. He said his wife and family were starving, and this was an old family heirloom and he wanted to sell it. Well, the auctioneer he said he'd sell it, and he put it up, and all they'd bid for it was $7. The poor fellow began to cry. 'It's worth a $100,' he said. 'Won't somebody give more than $7? I can't sell it for that. I've had an offer of $45.' And I got mad and sorry for the poor man, and I bid $8, and somebody bid $9, and I bid $10, and finally they got it up to $40, and I bought it. Poor fellow! The man went off quite relieved and happy, and I felt so happy that I'd done a good deed at a bargain."

"Yes, the poor chap was relieved; I don't doubt it. This watch is worth $1.75, and that was a mock auction, and that distressed-looking man was a capper for the establishment. He does that twenty times a day."

"Oh, John!"

"Just like you, my dear. Always doing something stupid—with my money."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

How It Feels to Be Wounded.

The next day, just before Longstreet's soldiers made the first charge on the second corps, I heard the peculiar cry a stricken man utters as the bullet tears through his flesh. I turned my head, as I loaded my rifle, to see who was hit. I saw a bearded Irishman pull up his shirt. He had been wounded in the left side just below the floating ribs. His face was gray with fear. The wound looked as though it was mortal. He looked at it for an instant, then poked it gently with his index finger. He flushed redly and smiled with satisfaction. He tucked his shirt into his trousers and was fighting in the ranks again before I had capped my rifle. The ball had cut a groove in his skin only. The play of this Irishman's face was expressive, his emotions changed so quickly, that I could not keep from laughing.—"*Recollections of a Private.*"

The Easy-Going Parisians.

Of all places in the world Paris is the place in which it is easiest to gather a crowd, writes a correspondent of the New York *Times*. Americans are wont to rail at the slow-footed messenger boy and the absent-minded car conductor, but nowhere in the wide universe are the people so unanimously in favor of lounging and loitering as in the French capital. The shopkeeper stands on his threshold and chats; the policeman gossips with the newswoman; the hack driver lolls back in his vehicle until summoned to work, and everybody makes a rush for the point at which the presence of a dozen persons indicates that something or other is to be seen. A crowd of 1,000 men, women and children can be gotten together in five minutes in any part of the town.

Norfolk, Va., is the greatest strawberry shipping place in the world. Among the many strawberry farms in its neighborhood is one of 440 acres, the largest strawberry farm in the world.

Horses are not fully matured until six years of age, nor do they arrive at their full strength until eight years old. Immature animals are often overtaxed and their future usefulness injured.

RELIGIOUS READING.

Christ Within.

Why wouldst thou teach my soul to rise,
And seek for Jesus in the skies?
Is He so far apart?
Are skies a better dwelling place
Than man's celestial heart and face,
Made pure and bright with heavenly grace?
Oh, find Him in thy heart.

Why wouldst thou teach my thirsty soul
To wait till death shall make it whole?
Is Christ so far away?
Oh, no! I see Him now and near;
In my own beating heart I hear
His trobbing life, His voice of cheer:
He turns my night to day.

Then cease thy looking here and there,
And first of all thy heart prepare.
By purity from sin,
And then lit up by Heaven's bright glow,
Thy soul of truth and love shall know
That Heaven above is heaven below,
And Christ is found within.
—*By Prof. T. C. Upham.*

"A Humble Confession."

Several years ago, in a Western town, a young lawyer, a member of a large church, got drunk. The brethren said he must confess. He demurred. He knew the members to be good people, but that they had their little faults, such as driving sharp bargains, screwing the laborer down to low wages, loaning at illegal rates, misrepresenting articles they had for sale, etc. But they were good people, and pressed the lawyer to come before the church-meeting and own up his sin of taking a glass too much, for they were a temperance people and abhorred intemperance.

The sinner finally went to the confession, and found a large gathering of brethren and sisters, whose bowed heads rose, and whose eyes glistened with pure delight as the lawyer began his confession.

"I confess," he said, "that I never took ten per cent. for money." On that confession, down went a brother's head with a groan. "I never turned a poor man from my door who needed food and shelter." Down went another head. "I confess I never sold a skim-milk cheese for a new one"—whereupon a sister shrieked for mercy. "But," concluded the sinner, "I have been drunk, and am very sorry for it." Whereupon the meeting very peaceably adjourned.—*Kentucky Sentinel.*

Scripture Names of Heaven.

Heaven is called a "house." A father's house is a home. God's house is to be the eternal home of all his children, hence all the hallowed sentiments that cluster around the home may enter into our conception of heaven. It is a home whose inmates will not be separated, and through whose portals death will never pass. It is a home that will never be clouded by discord or by jealousy. It is a beautiful home, by the river and tree of life. It is a spacious home, a house of many mansions.

It is called a "city." Cities when well built and well governed are places of greater security than the isolated homes of the open country. In heaven no robber nor assassin can molest the inhabitants. A city is a place of peculiar privileges. In them gather the wealthy and the learned, by whose presence and employments all are benefited. In heaven are to be gathered the spirits of just men made perfect. There can be no better society than that. A city is more stable than a villa or a hamlet. There a single fire or tornado may destroy, while a city will survive thousands of disasters and grow continually in beauty and in strength. Heaven, the New Jerusalem, is "a city which hath foundations, whose maker and builder is God."

It is called an "inheritance," and it is said to be one that is "incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away." No selfishness, no dishonesty, no legal technicality will ever deprive the children of God of this promised inheritance.

Heaven is termed "the holiest." To the Hebrews, this reference to the sanctum sanctorum of their temple was very significant. Heaven is the holiest place in the universe, a place where we may enjoy the blessedness of exemption from all sinful influences.

It is called a "kingdom." It is a place where the will of God will be done promptly and perfectly. It is a monarchy of love.

Heaven is called "a better country.' In the human heart there is a restless longing for something better. The Israelites in Egypt longed for a freer and better home; the Huguenots of France fled to lands of greater liberty; the Puritans of England thought that in America they should find a better home, and Eastern people still follow "the Star of Empire," seeking a better country. We are proud to think of this great Republic as the grandest country beneath the circle of the sun, but there is a "better country, that is, a heavenly," where imperfections and failures are unknown, where all the inhabitants dwell in prosperity and in contentment. Here we are strangers and pilgrims, there we shall be citizens, and shall reign eternally with Christ the King.

Heaven is called a "paradise," or park or garden of pleasure. It is "a land of pure delight." In the vision on Patmos, John saw rivers, fruits and luxuriant foliage. There the redeemed shall dwell forever, "plucking fruit from trees perennial, while God himself shall bend the bough.—*Observer.*"

SUPERINTENDENT FOOT, of the Mexican Railway, says that 20,000 steel ties have been laid between Vera Cruz and Mexico since 1883, and 40,000 have been ordered for this year, and it is proposed to lay 40,000 to 50,000 yearly hereafter. He puts in 2,000 per mile, brought from England, where they cost about 5s each, and delivered on the road not more than $2 in Mexican silver. The wooden ties used to cost 90c to $1.62 each.